To the WORSHIPFUL

WILLIAM CHAMBERLIN, Esq;

MAYOR,

The ALDERMEN, BAILIFFS, BURGESSES,

AND THE REST OF THE

Worthy INHABITANTS of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is preſented by their moſt Obedient and Humble Servant,

Richard Claridge.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Pariſh of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21ſt Day of *December* 1775, to the 21ſt Day of *December* 1776; incluſive of the Perſons (in Number 3) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; and alſo thoſe buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 4; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 6; the Meeting on the *Green* 0.

DISEASES.

Abortive and Stilborn	6	Convulſions -	2	Dropſy -	6	Inclement Weather	1
Aged - -	14	Conſumptions -	20	Drowned - -	0	Inflammation -	0
Aſthma - -	0	Chincough -	1	Fevers - -	4	Lethargy - -	0
Abſceſs - -	2	Childbed - -	0	Fiſtula - -	0	Lock'd Jaw - -	1
Accident - -	2	Croop - -	0	Fits - -	8	Meaſles - -	0

Palſey - -	1						
Small-Pox -	0						
Suddenly - -	0						
Teeth - -	0						
Thruſh - -	1						

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	16	Ten and Twenty -	2	Forty and Fifty -	5	Seventy and Eighty -	7
Between Two and Five	2	Twenty and Thirty -	9	Fifty and Sixty -	5	Eighty and Ninety -	4
Five and Ten -	2	Thirty and Forty -	3	Sixty and Seventy -	8	Ninety and an Hundred	0

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS. - -	61	49	110	33	30	63
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	30	9	39	16	20	36
St. GILES'S. - -	15	10	25	11	14	25
St. PETER'S. - -	2	7	9	6	11	17
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Pariſh - - -				5	2	7
In the whole Town.	108	75	183	71	77	148
	Increaſed - - 17			Decreaſed - - 36		

Whoſo feareth the Lord, it ſhall go well with him at the laſt, and he ſhall find favour in the day of his death.
ECCLESIASTICUS, ch. i, ver. 13.

WHILE in this ſerious Work we tread
The Tract, that marks the Pious dead,
By Scripture ſet to View;
Still, as th' affecting Page we read,
May all the God the Soul invade,
And teach us to purſue.

No Limits Heav'ns rich Grace confine,
Reduc'd by no mean private Line,
Nor Sex, nor Age, nor Clime;
Thro' all Degrees it makes it's Way,
(The Rich, the Great, the Proud obey)
And ſweeps thro' various Time.

No Racks, no Wheels, no Fires affright;
Our's one unbroken placid Light,
Thro' which we make our Way;
Amid the Paths of ſmiling Grace
May we purſue our heav'nly Race
To everlaſting Day.

Yes, our's the *leſſer Part* * to bear,
Thro' ſlow Decays, the mortal War,
The common Lot of Man.
With Dignity then may we fall,
To Heav'n direct our dying Call,
And cloſe our peaceful Span.

'Tis thro' the Water and the Blood
That we muſt make our Way to God,
And 'ſcape from Death and Hell;
The Doctrine this the Patriarchs teach,
This all the *Jewiſh* Prophets preach,
And the Apoſtles tell.

Thus, my kind Friends, may You and I,
When call'd to pant, and gaſp, and die,
(How near that awful Hour!)
Thus may we march thro' Death's dark Vale,
While Faith, and Hope, and Love, [prevail,
And ev'ry Chriſtian Power.

* In Oppoſition to Martyrdom.

Great God, who know'ſt our ev'ry Snare,
How weak, how frail, how vile we are,
O ſend thy Spirit down!
'(Tis *that* alone can give us Pow'r
To triumph in the gloomy Hour)
The Spirit of thy Son.

By *this* impregnate we ſhall learn
Our heav'nly Calling to diſcern,
And *Abba, Father!* cry;
By this inſpir'd, we'll daring ſing,
O, Death! where is thy pointed Sting?
O, Grave! thy Victory?

See Earth recedes, and Heav'n appears!
Then open all your Eyes and Ears,
And let the Glory in---
Farewel to all the Noiſe, and Strife,
The Pain, the Pride, the Pomp of Life;
Farewel to Senſe and Sin!